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DREAM TOURNEY.

The Most Remarkable Dreamer Captures a Gold Double Eagle.

Julian Hawthorne, the Novelist, Will Act as Judge.

Make Your Accounts Short and, Above All, Interesting.

As a little midwinter novelty THE EVENING WORLD has decided to have a Dream Tournament.

What subject arouses more interest about the fire of a winter night than the recounting of the thrilling and remarkable dreams of those who are adepts in dreaming and know how to graphically relate their fantastic experience in the realm of slumber?

A special interest in this matter has lately been aroused in the discussions of learned divines as to the philosophy and significance of dreams.

Several exceptionally interesting novels have also been published recently, the facts of which have turned upon remarkable dreams.

Altogether the matter is interesting and very timely.

THE EVENING WORLD has thousands of bright writers among its hundreds of thousands of readers, as shown by the extraordinary discussions, "Is Marriage a Failure?" and "If You Were a Millionaire." In response to very numerous requests for something more in this line, the Dream Tournament is started.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double eagle to the writer of the most remarkable dream.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the popular novelist, will be the judge and will award the prize.

Julian Hawthorne, as well as his father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has written many fascinating novels of the mystic order, and is especially interested in the philosophy of dreams. He may find some plots for future stories in the dreams of THE EVENING WORLD readers.

Contributors to this feature should make the accounts of their experience in dream-land as brief and graphic as possible. If not of general interest they will not be published. Above all, contributors must be truthful. Don't give us any "day dreams." The successful competitor will be required to take an affidavit to the fact that his dream was an actual one of his own experience.

THE EVENING WORLD will publish the most interesting of the contributions, but cannot, of course, undertake to publish all that may be sent in. All competitors should address their communications to "Dream Tournament," THE EVENING WORLD, New York.

WORLDLINGS.

John Leibendefter, of Beaver Falls, Pa., died to death as a result of having a tooth pulled. Several physicians attended him, but were unable to check the flow of blood. He was a strong, healthy man in the prime of life.

Dr. Schlemmer, the noted Greek archaeologist and excavator, is master of fourteen languages. In his youth he was a sailor before the mast on a German vessel. It is said that he gained a reading knowledge of English in six months of study.

Senator Culom, of Illinois, has been in public life since 1850, when he was elected to the Legislature. He was a farmer's boy, and at nineteen was a school teacher. He is a Kentuckian by birth, and one of the youngest members of the "Kentucky clique" in Illinois politics, in which Lincoln, Yates, Oglesby, Richardson and Browning were included.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

John J. Mayall.

MOORE'S TERTIARY CORDIAL soothes the irritation of the gums. Try it. Price 25 cents.

JOLLYTY'S JOLLY CREW.

A FEW OF THE MANY MIRTHFUL SAYINGS BY THE SAME.

Conals to Newcastle.

(From Judge.)



Miss Footline—You seem to be annoyed, Fay. Miss Piles—I tell you, that young Wollers fell over at the Casino last night and sent me tickets for the night next week, an I'm looking for the leader of the amazons in the same play.

Breaking the Ice.

(From Judge.)

Mr. Slopace—Er—ah—do do sing "Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Love?" Miss Leeper—I don't sing; but perhaps you can whistle, and I might try the rest.

A Different Nick.

(From Judge.)

"How's this?" inquired the city editor; "I told you to make a 'stick' of this story, and here you bring me a report a yard long."

"I'm sorry," returned the new reporter, "but you see I was a clerk in a dry-goods store."

Cross-Country.

(From Judge.)

Member of Prominent Athletic Club—Quick, man, let me by: I'm the hare and the hounds are just behind me. Do you know?

Farmer quietly—Bill, run an' get Constable Shivers' trust. Kixes County a-kay; him he's lost a pet border again.

It Depends.

(From Judge.)

"Doctor, what kind of animal is a man most likely to see when he has an impending attack of tremors?"

"Oh, some sea snakes, some sea lions—in fact, it depends on the jaguar carrying."

Cruelly Suspicious.

(From Judge.)

Liberal pewholder dropping 410 bill in contribution box, and whispering to deacon—Smaller! I'll take four or five of those silver dollars in the box and let it go.

Business-like deacon drawing counterfeit detector from his pocket—Wait a moment, please.

At the Gate.

(From Judge.)

St. Peter—Hello! Who are you?

"Coal man."

"You must have had a very mild winter in the United States."

"Why?"

"You never would have come to heaven if it had been a cold one."

Where to Draw the Line.

(From Judge.)

"In the case of my unfortunate client, gentlemen," said the eloquent attorney for the defense in a murder case, "it is for you to draw the line between murderous rage and emotional insanity."

And the jury rendered a verdict that they thought the safest place to draw it was between the head and shoulders.

The Same Thing.

(From Judge.)

"The French Government seems to take kindly to Boulanger's success, after all," remarked the Pink Editor.

"Why, I thought the Cabinet wanted to resign on account of it," replied the Horn Editor.

"Precisely. It displayed a spirit of resignation. That's what I say."

Metropolitan Arrogance Rebuked.

(From Judge.)

Joe Deaton

Farmer Oatsake—I'd like to know, Mr. Ben-ton, why you have held this 'ere letter o' mine, instead o' sending it down to my nephew in N' York?

Postmaster at the X Roads—Cause 'tain't properly directed. Do you s'pose I can't tell you that 'ere letter o' mine, it's a letter to my nephew in N' York?

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STRANGELY ALIKE.

The Story of Charley Ross and History of Charley Kinney.

All Cooperstown Believes the Two Are Really One.

But the Father of the Stolen Charlie Says Kinney Is Not He.

THE EVENING WORLD recently received a letter signed by Mr. M. E. Rouse, 2311 Second avenue.

It had been brought out by an announcement in the paper, and the writer, who said she was staying for the present in this city, asserted that the lost Charley Ross is now living in Cooperstown, N. Y., under the name of Charley Kinney.

"He is a fine young man," said the letter, "and has been recognized by his father and brother."

The writer of the letter seemed to be so positive in her statements that an EVENING WORLD reporter went up to 2311 Second avenue to see her.

He found a kindly-faced, silver-haired lady of sixty years. She told a story in all sincerity and politeness. Mrs. Rouse resided in Cooperstown and is at present visiting relatives in this city.

"I called to talk with you about Charley Ross," began the reporter. "I understand you to say that he is alive and in Cooperstown."

"He is," replied Mrs. Rouse. "Every one in Cooperstown knows that. He is known by the name of Charley Kinney."

"How do you know this?"

"I know it, because his father and brother have been on there and recognized him. They have been there frequently, and Charley has been to see them at Philadelphia."

"And when did they first see him?"

"Last Spring, some time."

"How does he look?"

"He is about twenty years old, tall, fair complexioned, with chestnut-colored hair and a bright pair of blue eyes."

"How did he get to Cooperstown?"

"He told me exactly how that he came. He tells a very romantic story of his life. He remembers being taken from his home and kept in a loft for some time. Then he says he was taken to New York and given to a man who took him to Cuba. This man he says, beat him cruelly, and he ran away, appealed to a kind American, and was sent back to New York."

"He drifted around there for a while and finally got into a Mission. With a lot of other boys he was bound out to a farmer in Springfield, N. Y. Then he drifted up in Cooperstown and went to the orphanage there. He was educated in that place and has lived in the town, working for different people ever since."

"But how did his father find him out?"

"I believe some one wrote to him and notified him that his son was there."

"You think, then, that it is really Charley Ross?"

"There is no doubt of it," earnestly replied the old lady. "All Cooperstown is certain of it, and I have seen letters come to town addressed to Charley Kinney."

"Why did he not return home with his parents?"

"He has a good position with the Alfred Corning Clark estate and is anxious to leave it."

"Mrs. Rouse was so earnest and so positive in her belief that the boy was there that the reporter decided to go on to Philadelphia to see if he was really there."

"The next day he went to the city and found a manufacturer of crucibles. He is Port Warden of Philadelphia as well."

"Christina K. Ross, for that is his full name, is a pleasant-looking gentleman of apparently fifty years, though he is probably older. He received the reporter very cordially, and the former immediately appreciated the object of his visit."

"Mr. Ross, I understand that your boy, Charley, is alive and living in Cooperstown, N. Y.?"

"Yes, my dear young man, if that is so, you know more than I do. I have not found him yet and never expect to."

"Well, the residents of Cooperstown are certain of it, and I have seen letters come to town addressed to Charley Kinney. He goes by the name of Charley Kinney."

"Charley Kinney, eh? Why, I knew that boy fourteen years ago. He was then brought before me as being my boy. He was found in Cuba by the Rev. Dr. Kenney, a mission-ary there, who rescued him from some one who was ill-treating him."

"Then he is not your son?"

"No, he is not. After Mr. Kenney brought him before me he sent him to Goshen, N. Y., to be educated. The boy created a sensation, and I was deluged with letters telling me that my son had been found. But it wasn't he, and the old gentleman never saw him again."

"Then," he continued, "I heard of him in New York in 1875. I was told a strange story of New York and I secured a warrant. One of his officers, by name Doyle, had talked with Gill Mosher, a brother of a celebrated criminal. In this conversation he learned that William Mosher had approached Gill and asked him to join in a scheme to carry off some rich man's child and hold it for ransom. Gill declined, saying there was too much risk attached. Joseph Douglas was to be the partner of the party."

Then the Superintendent sent a despatch to the Chief of Police of Philadelphia. It read:

"Send detective here with original letters of the kidnapping of the Ross child. Think I have information."

In answer to this Police Capt. Heims and Joseph Ross came on. The letters were compared with specimens of Mosher's handwriting and found to be identical. The next step was to find Mosher and Douglas. Search was made, but without avail.

These grave matters were made by Supt. William Westervelt, a discharged policeman and a brother-in-law of Mosher, was charged with the investigation. He gave the information that at the time of the kidnapping Mosher lived on Monroe, near Third street, in Philadelphia. He also said that

excitement and stirring the hearts of the entire community.

Christi K. Ross was then a prominent member of Philadelphia, and lived in Germantown. Charley was four years old, and a bright, curly-headed boy, whom every one loved.

The afternoon of Wednesday, July 1, 1875, the boy was playing with his brother Walter and some other children in Washington lane, Germantown.

Two men came along in a buggy. They had not the children on three or four previous occasions and had gotten into their good graces by always bringing a package of candy. As soon as Charley Ross sighted them they toddled to the carriage and clapped: "Mister, 'oo dot any tandy to-day?"

"No," replied the man, "but if you'll take a ride with us we'll buy you some and get you some more."

The boy immediately clambered into the vehicle and Walter was taken along. The men immediately whipped up their horses, and after they had driven some distance Walter began to cry. Then he was put out and the men drove on with Charley.

When Walter returned home and told his parents that he had seen some fellows nearly frantic but strangely enough they made no efforts to recover Charley until three or four days later, when an advertisement was inserted in a Philadelphia paper, offering \$300 for his return. The answer to this was an anonymous personal which read:

"We are ready to negotiate."

The same day, July 7, an anonymous letter was received, stating that the boy would be returned for \$20,000. Others were received shortly afterwards. They were brutal in their character, and were carefully concealed by Mr. Ross from his wife. Part of one of these read:

"Any attempt to ascertain the child's hiding-place will result in its entire annihilation. We will turn the child up on our own terms."

These letters Mr. Ross at the time by the advice of his police officials, declined to make public.

Finally Joshua Taggart, Chief of the Pennsylvania Detective Bureau, made an arrest, and the restoration of the child, Edward Chris Wooster. He proved an alibi and he was set free.

More letters were received by Mr. Ross, and one appointed a place where the boy was at a bridge in the northern part of the county, but the details were so cleverly arranged that, puzzle their brains as they would, the police were not possible way of entrapping the villains.

On July 22 Mayor W. S. Stokely, on behalf of several wealthy citizens, offered a reward for the arrest and conviction of the kidnappers and the restoration of the child. Efforts were redoubled in every way, but all to no purpose.

The singular reticence of the Ross family to talk of the boy, and the fact that papers began to hint that perhaps Charley Ross was not lost at all, and the family received letters charging them with having kidnapped the boy and holding him in the collar.

On July 26 a reward of \$20,000 was offered and advertised by means of a personal by Arthur Percell, who gave his address as the General Post Office, Philadelphia. No such individual could be found.

The first trace of the missing child was discovered on July 7, when William Able, a barber of Allentown, Pa., announced that he had been told by a man of the name of Charley Ross that he was in the city.

The barber said that the boy came in a buggy with two men and a woman.

He also stated the work of an imaginative brain, but it led to the discovery of the fact that Charley Ross had really been in Allentown.

The reporter learned that a man with a boy had arrived in Allentown by train and had put up at the Island House. He also found that a suit of clothes had been bought for the boy there, and that the man who sold them gave an accurate description, tallying exactly with that of the missing child.

Then, on July 29, Philadelphia was electrified by the report that Charley Ross had been discovered by the police near Hamburg, Pa. Business was generally suspended and bulletin boards expectantly scanned. Mr. Lewis, uncle of the boy, went to the city and on the next day he came back with a message that it was a mistake.

"It is not the child," was the simple message that flashed over the wires to the anxious parents.

Another sensation was created on Aug. 4 by the arrest of a lady in Philadelphia who had a child very much like Charley Ross. The father was a German, and it was only after a long search that he was found.

Shortly afterwards Police Capt. Dietz, of Reading, captured a man and boy, but let them go. His description tallied with those given by the police of the missing child, and he believed that the officer had the bird in his hand but made a blunder of it.

Positive information came from Fenington, N. Y., on Aug. 10, stating that the boy had been found with one Frederick Hamilton, a showman. This seemed a likely clue, for it was said that the boy said he had two names, Charley Ross and Charley Kinney. Hamilton, again Mr. Lewis went on and again was disappointed. There was a wonderful resemblance, but they were not alike in other ways.

The next story came from Odell, Ill., where a man named Lewis Durgan, who formerly lived in Philadelphia, was arrested with a boy who resembled the missing child. It proved, however, to be Mr. Durgan's own son, Jimmie.

And so this celebrated case dragged along. Children were found all over the country and the parents of the missing child were in a perpetual state of excitement by these reports.

Meanwhile Supt. of Police George W. Walling, of New York, secured a warrant. One of his officers, by name Doyle, had talked with Gill Mosher, a brother of a celebrated criminal. In this conversation he learned that William Mosher had approached Gill and asked him to join in a scheme to carry off some rich man's child and hold it for ransom. Gill declined, saying there was too much risk attached. Joseph Douglas was to be the partner of the party.

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Mosher had a stable on Third or Fourth street, but just where, he didn't know.

He promised to work for the Superintendent, but it is believed that he warned Mosher and Douglas, and kept them posted as to the movements of the police. Mosher, it was learned, did live at 235 Monroe street under the name of Henderson; but both he and Douglas had completely vanished, and no trace of them could be found.

Finally, on the morning of Dec. 14, both men were shot while attempting to rob the house of Judge Van Brunt at Bay Ridge. Mosher was killed almost instantly, but Douglas lived some minutes.

"Who are you, and where do you come from?" asked J. H. Van Brunt, the Judge's son.

"I won't lie to you," replied the dying man. "I am Joseph Douglas, and that man over there," pointing to Mosher, "is William Mosher. It's no use lying now. Mosher and I stole Charley Ross from Germantown."

"Why did you steal him?"

"To make money."

"Who has the child now?"

"Mosher knows all about the boy; ask him."

Then he was told that Mosher was dead. He said:

"I do not know where he is. Mosher knew." And then he died.

Thus both the child-stealers died, and the knowledge of information died with them. Their bodies were subsequently identified by Detective Sellick and little Walter Ross.

This Charley Kinney, in Cooperstown, remembered the information that he had given Mosher had a stable in Philadelphia at the time of the kidnapping.

Then again the boy Kinney remembers being taken to New York. Mosher moved from Philadelphia to New York on Aug. 18, about seven weeks after the kidnapping.

Charley Kinney was found in Cuba late in December, so Mr. Ross says. Did Mr. Ross when he learned that Supt. Walling had laid down for the crime give the boy to the showman and thus get rid of him?

It is a remarkable parallelism of cases, and the knowledge of information died with them. The coincidence mentioned here ended in the identification of the lost boy Ross with the found boy Kinney.

PLATT STOCK BOOMING NOW.

ALLISON'S REFUSAL GIVES HIM A GREAT SHOW FOR THE CABINET.

Ex Sen for Thomas C. Platt says there never was any breach between himself and Warner Miller, and that all of the war talk has been the result of the earnest partisanship of the friends of both in the struggle for recognition by Gen. Harrison.

Mr. Platt's explanation seems to be confirmed by the apparently friendly relations existing between the two men, who frequently meet each other in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Everything now seems to point to Mr. Platt as a Cabinet probability. The refusal of Senator Allison to accept the Treasury portfolio and the general discomfiture of Gen. Harrison to appoint J. S. Clarkson in his stead, Blaine as premier and the New York "Post" with the Vice-President-elect and the majority of strong Republican politicians in Washington and throughout the country—all these are cited as greatly strengthening Platt's chances.

On the other hand, the Union League friends of Miller claim that Platt is an impossibility in the make-up of the Cabinet. They say he is a poor fellow, a poor fellow, however, and seem now to have decided upon another plan of action to secure the defeat of Mr. Platt.

A compromise candidate is urged, and some of them speak confidently of the choice of Cornelius N. Bliss, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, as the man to be the Cabinet representative from this State.

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